ringing so gaily on the wind in the woods below.

Then Haramouk himself, whose name means Shiva's crown, looms suddenly on our left, rising 7000 feet, clothed in glacier, sheer above the holy lake on whose shores we now stand, the eternal snows of his hoary head 18,000 feet high. The Lake of Gungabal is unique, with its coating of blue ice set in the white snows, and down to the very brink of the holy water and on its islets in the ice spreads the scarlet mantle of the primula, for is it not written, " Though thy sins be red like crimson, they shall be white as snow."

The brahman and his servant bathe, dodging the pack-ice floating down from the glacier, before they break their fast, though it is now mid-day, and I sit for an hour watching to seize a moment when the clouds shall roll away from the summit and give my camera a chance.

There are other watchers too, for the giant vultures are perched on the rocks around like black magicians who ever haunt

each holy spot.

On the other side of Haramouk is the Woolar Lake[3] beneath whose waters lies

buried